

THE

JUVENILE

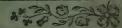
SINGING SCHOOL.

BY LOWELL MASON AND G. J. WEBB,

Prof. ors in the first in Addition $y \in M_{\mathrm{conf}}$

BOSTON:

J. H. WILKINS & R. B. CARTER, 1840.





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BY LOWELL MASON, & G. J. WEBB,

PROFESSORS IN THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

BOSTON: J. H. WILKINS, & R. B. CARTER.

1840.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1837,

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BY J. H. WILKINS, & R. B. CARTER,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The design of this work is to furnish such a collection of Songs as is wanted for juvenile classes and singing schools; or for common schools, and academies, where music is made a regular study, or where singing has been introduced.

A part of the melodies are well known as "The Swiss Boy," "O say busy bee," &c.; some have been selected from German "School Song Books" and others are original. The variety is very great. There are songs adapted to the different ages and circumstances of children and youth, and it is believed that in every instance the words will be found to be not only unexceptionable, but of good moral tendency.

To parents, teachers, and pupils, the "Juvenile Singing School" is most respectfully inscribed.

BOSTON

J W Dunning March 4-1841 in INDEX.

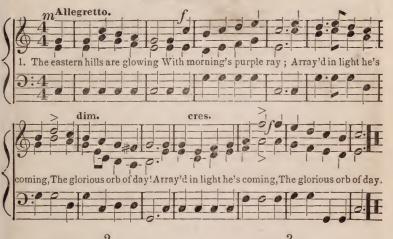
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JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL.



THE RISING SUN.



All hail! thou constant emblem
Of him who dwells above!
Of him so great and glorious!
And yet so full of love.

How nature now rejoices,
With life and beauty new!
On every grass-blade twinkles
The pearly drop of dew.

How good is he who made thee,
Thou glorious orb of day!
With grateful hearts we'll praise him,
In morning's earliest ray.





2 Now the glad sun breaking Pours a golden flood;

Deepest vales awaking

Echo "God is good." 4
Wake, and join the

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood—
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble "God is good!"

Wake, and join the chorus, Man, with soul endued! He whose smile is o'er us, God, oh God is good.





Birds with their music Fill the fresh air; And the young breezes Sweet odors bear. 3
In the green pastures
Sparkles the dew;
While the swift bees come,
Humming anew.

4

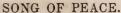
All things are happy In the fair light, Praising their Maker, Morning and night



May joy and pleasure,
Fill every breast,
From morn to evening,
From east to west.

3
How sweet the sparkles
Of early dew!
How rich the blossoms
Of varied hue!

Our spring is fleeting, Our youth must end; Then let us never Our time mis-spend.







See how calmly o'er the green, Earth and heaven send forth a voice Silvery streams are flowing, Imaged there the stars are seen, "Live in peace, in love rejoice, Brightly, calmly glowing. "Heart and heart be blended.

4

"Then thy life shall gently pass, "Like the peaceful river,

"Till thy happy home at last, "Welcome thee forever."

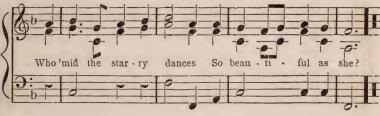


Each heart beats high
And gleams each eye,
At every welcome tone;
Like mist that flies
From morning skies,
All sorrow now is gone!

How bright the trees;
How fresh the breeze!
How golden bright the day;
The sparkling rill
Goes murmuring still,
Through woodlands far away!

Oh! sweet the sound
When woods around,
Have heard the pealing horn;
From bush and brake
The echoes wake,
And hail the wel-come morn!





9

See where she comes, soft stealing She comes with night-dews healing
Across the stilly night!

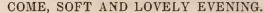
The soul with pain distressed:
She wakes the sweetest feeling
Her mild and friendly light.

Within the lonely breast.

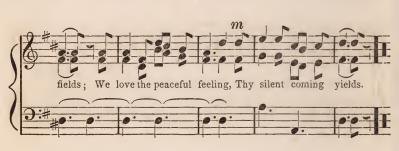
3

Our eyes she gently closes When daily toil is o'er; The weary earth reposes Beneath her soothing power. 5

Our heavenly Father lends us
This trusty friend by night
May he a spirit send us,
As pure as her pure light.



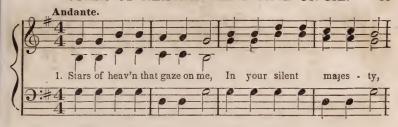




See where the clouds are weaving, All nature now is silent, A rich and golden chain; Except the passing breeze, See how the darkened shadow And birds their night-song warbling, Extends along the plain. Among the dewy trees.

Sweet evening thou art with us, So tranquil, mild, and still;-Thou dost, our thankful bosoms, With humble praises fill.

STARS OF HEAVEN! THAT GAZE ON ME.





9

Who hath measured out your course? Whence thy arrowy light its source? It hath sped full many a year, Ere it reached this earthly sphere.

Λ

How his wondrous works of love Draw my eyes and thoughts above; There I see creation's Lord, By each twinkling star adored.

13

-

Ah! your life and beauty all Come at the Creator's call; He that breathed in man a soul, Keeps you as in light you roll. Burn, my soul with heavenly fire! Soar above yon starry choir! Thou art in his image made Who these heavenly hos,s arrayed!



new and heavenly life seems waking, Seems waking, Seems waking.

Each swelling heart breaks forth in song Of gratitude and praise;

Through all the groves the plumed throng O'er flowery meadows lambkins bound Pour forth their tuneful lays.

Each smiling flower the forest raises In beauty blooms its silent praises,

Its praises—its praises.

Mild zephyrs now breathe softly round. The sky is calm and bright;

In robes of snowy white:

On every bank the bees are humming, With sounds of joy the spring is coming. Is coming—is coming.

15

SUMMER SONG.

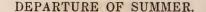


The summer now is here,
Come, ramble in the bushes,
And hear the merry thrushes.
Come, come, come,

The summer now is here.

Come, come, come,
The summer now is here,
Come out among the flowers,
And make some pretty bowers
Come, come, come,

The summer now is here.





The woods that lately were ringing

16

Allegretto.

Are silent now and lone;

The warblers have ceased their singing, And brightly the sun will be shining Sweet summer-birds are flown.

But spring, new beauties revealing Will soon return again,

By mountain, grove and plain.

Come winter, then, we will greet thee, Thy robes are pure and white: Each blossom shall slumber sweetly The long-long winter night.



Pealing wakes the joyful morn. 4 Come and see the vineyards Thou shalt feel a new-born pleasure [glam Gazing thus on autumn's treasure; And thy joyful heart shall raise

Sweeter songs of grateful praise.



Now no plumed throng Charm the woods with song; Ice-bound trees are glittering, Merry snow-birds, twittering, Fondly strive to cheer Scenes so cold and drear. Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee,
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storm fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights



2

Haste thee, winter, haste away, Let me feel the spring-tide ray; Let the fields be green again; Quickly end thy dreary reign.

Haste thee, winter, haste away, Far too long has been thy stay.

9

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let the spring come, bright and gay;
Let thy chilling breezes flee,
Dreary winter, haste from me.
Haste thee, winter, haste away,

Far too long has been thy stay.



- Sister wake! awake! awake!
 Every thing is now reviving,
 Every one around is striving
 For some new delight—
 Sister wake! awake! awake!
 Sister wake! awake!
- 4. All awake! awake! awake!
 See the sun with splendor beaming,
 O'er the distant waters streaming,
 With his glorious light—
 All awake! awake! awake!
 All awake! awake!



Sweet fount—how oft with thee I've played,
In softest summer's day;
And loved to watch 'mid darksome cooling shade
Thy silvery waters stray.
Flow on, flow on, sweet fount! and let me hear
Thy song, so sweetly murmuring on my ear.



2 Now we speed our shining way, 3 Flies the mist before the wind!

Now rocking hither,

Now rocking thither,

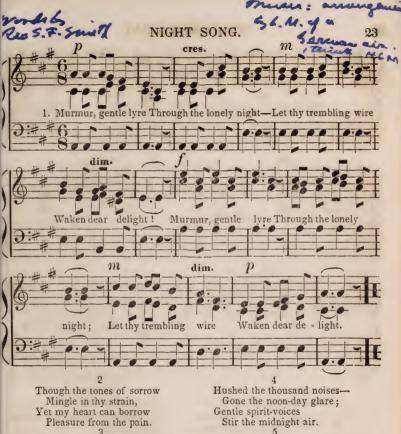
And while we glide

Along the tide.

O'er the waters, blithe and gay! How we leave the shore behind.

4 Onward then, our bonny boat!

All our hours
Are twined with flowers,
While we on the bright wave float.



Hark! the quivering breezes
List thy silvery sound—
Every tumult ceases,
Silence reigns profound.

Earth below is sleeping,— Meadow, hill, and grove; Angel stars are keeping Silent watch above.

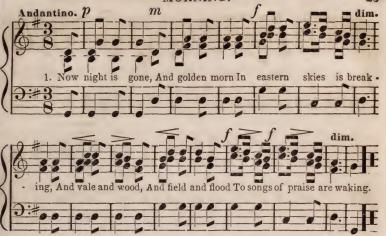


How still the world reposes, While friendly o'er it closes Soft twilight's mantle grey! It seems a quiet chamber

We sweetly sleep our griefs away. When this our earthly race is run.

Then peacefully reclining, To God our souls resigning, Sleep on, sleep safely on! Sweet slumber is a token Where free from fear and danger Of purer rest unbroken,





How far away To greet the day,

The lark is gaily singing;

On spangled green The lambs are seen

O'er flowery meadows springing.

The woodlands 'round With songs resound, Each smiling plain rejoices; And murmuring rills,

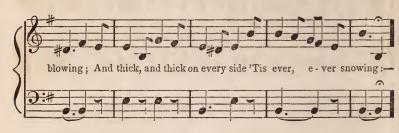
Among the hills

Praise God with thousand voices.

May he whose power, Each morning hour With thousand tongues is praising, Grant us to prove Our grateful love, Each heart glad incense raising.











0

How desolate the hill and field,
Away the flowers have hasted;
To winter's blast their beauties yield,
And all their charms are wasted:
The trees will soon again be green,
The beauteous flowers again be seen
The earth with buds, &c.

The stream is frozen in the vale,
And still the insect's thrumming;
Oh, where is now the nightingale,
And where the bee, soft humming?
The waterfall will wake again,
And bird and bee renew their strain;
The earth with buds, &c.

Oh, dark and chilly is the night,
And long before the dawning;
As if it were the sun's delight,
To rob us of the morning:
We care not for the night so long.

We care not for the night so long, For soon will come the days of song. The earth with buds, &c

The chilling frost conceals the ground,
And snow so deep is lying;
Without a pleasant sight or sound,
The day of life is flying:
The stormy wind will pass away,
And warm will be the spring-tide ray,
The earth with buds, &c.





ON THE STORMY OCEAN.



Helpless mortal' Heaven attend thee! Child of sorrow! Heaven attend thee! God befriend thee! God befriend thee!

When the gloomy billow Seems thy dying pillow,

Trembling spirit! Heaven attend thee!

God befriend thee!





Verdant hills and forests waving,
On the mountain-side;
Running brooks the green banks laving
With their mimic tide:
Rivers vast, in torrents pouring
Into boundless deep,
See, lit up at sunset, showering
Fire-flakes, as they sweep.

Round wild breakers, fiercely dashing,
Foams the stormy sea;
In fair havens, lightly flashing,
Surges die away.
O'er yon tall heights, mantling proudly,
Rise yet many more:
O'er yon ocean, roaring loudly
Others loudly roar.





Clustered grapes hang sleeping
Where the wind soft creeping,
Lifts their leafy shade:
See the wall-pears ripening,
Golden colored deepening
Into blushing red.

3

See the busy maiden
With her basket laden!
Apricot and plum;
Golden quince, and berries,
Red and black she carries,
Tripping lightly home.

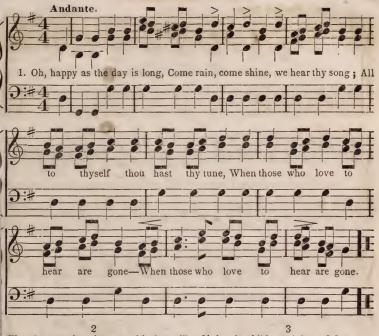
4

Every fruit is mellow,
Every field is yellow,
Summer days are gone!
Leaves the ground are strewing,
Cooler winds are blowing,
Autumn has begun.



Where'er in all his wand'rings,
He finds a gentle child,
The joy of friends and parents,
So patient, good, and mild;
In that bright home he long will dwell,
And Fless the child he loves so well.

All day he'll smile so sweetly,
And then when night draws nigh,
Will bid him softly slumber
And close his weary eye;
And watch through all the silent night,
Around his couch till morning light.



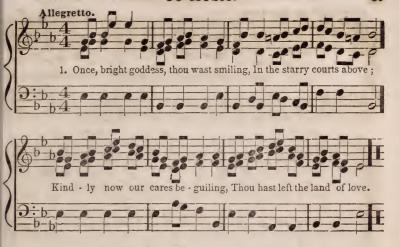
Thy pleasant thoughts are with thee still, They quickly come when thou dost will; And, self-amused, thou 'st never known, What 'tis to be left all alone.

Oh lovely child so bright and free, Must this cold world e'er narrow thee? No! thou may'st live an endless youth, If thou wil early love the truth.

Then shrink from nothing but the wrong, So thou shalt never want a song; Sweet thoughts will ev'n unbidden start While thou dost keep a simple heart.



Tell me strawberry, fresh and sweet, It was God who made you so—Who made all your red so shining, Like the crimson sun declining, And who gave your pleasant smell? Humble vines and lofty wood, Tell me, pretty strawberry, tell. Ever tell us, "God is good."



Mistress of the golden lyre,
Of the harp's melodious strain;
Thou canst bid the trembling wire
Waken joy, or solace pain.

Give me songs, when sunny pleasure, Fills my heart with joy and light; Soothe me with a sadder measure, In the gloom of sorrow's night.

Call the winning forms of beauty, By thy softest, sweetest note; Fire my soul for truth and duty, When thy nobler numbers float.



Thy heart shall then be free and light, And near the crystal spring, Thy music be more gay and bright Than where the wicked sing.

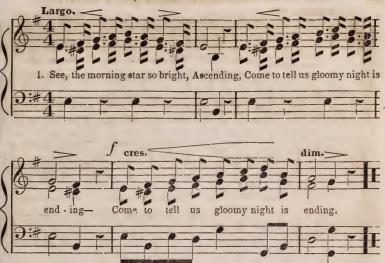
For oh, no joy shall that man know, Who bears a guilty breast; His conscience drives him to and fro,

And never lets him rest.

For him no vernal sunshine smiles, No gales breathe softly round, And in the grave—that home of rest, No peace for him is found.

Oh, then be sacred truth thy guide. Until thy dying day; Nor turn a finger's breadth aside From God's appointed way.

Thy insidren then shall nightly come, And weep around thy tomb; And flowers above thy moistened grave Shall shed their sweet perfume



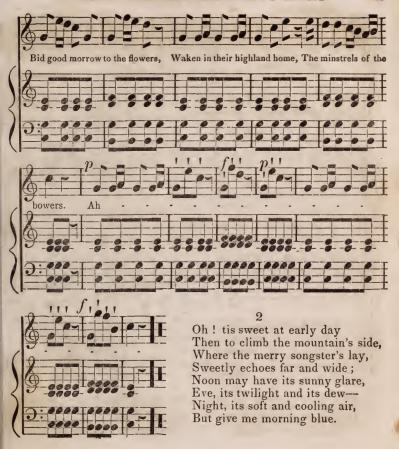
Paler now, it paler beams, 'Tis morning;

Happy hour, so bright and calm; We greet thee!

Eastern skies are bright with gleams All the air is breathing balm,
Of dawning.
How sweetly.

Grateful earth her songs of praise
Is pouring;
Hallelujahs we will raise
Adoring.







THE RIVULET



And still I love to stand and gaze
Along its winding shore;
And sing of happy, happy days
That will return no more

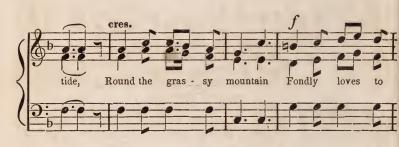
But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill, And I, like thee, must haste Each day to do my Father's will, Nor turn one hour to waste.



Awake ye, awake!
For the night is now departing,
Awake ye, awake!
Up the mountain mists are creeping,
Awake ye, awake!
See the diamond dew-drops sparkling,
Awake, awake!
Awake, 'tis day!











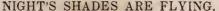
Where the whispering bowers
Lend a cooling shade,
Where the sweetest flowers
Deck the fragrant glade;
There I build my dwelling,
Waving bough above;
There my notes are telling
Tales of faithful love.

3

When the bell's low pealing
Tells the close of day,
Homeward, softly stealing,
Then I wing my way;
There, night's curtains o'er me,
Hushed is all the grove,
While I sing the story
Of a Father's love.



Come, we'll seek the leafy grove, Then at night-fall, we will throng Sip the cooling fountain, Home, through balmy flowers, And when evening steals, we'll rove And with many a grateful song Round the shady mountain Bless the summer hours.

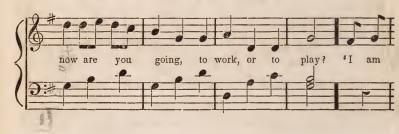




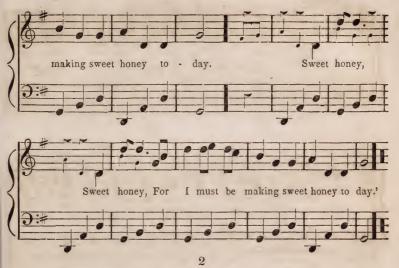


Great Source of light! befriend us, While life's dark paths we tread! And let thy smile attend us, When earthly lights are fled, And from thy safe and sacred way, Oh, never, never may we stray.









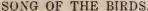
O say, pretty dove, whither now are you flying, Whither now are you flying, to London or Rome? 'I am bound to my nest where my partner is sighing, And waiting for me in my snug little home.

Little home—little home— And waiting for me in my snug little home.'

So we, all so happy, while daily advancing In wisdom and knowledge, in virtue and love, Will sing on our way, in our progress rejoicing, As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.

Will sing—will sing—
As brisk as the bee, and as true as the dove.







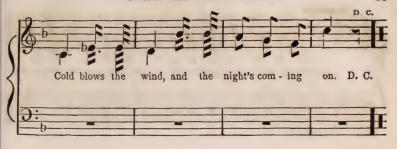
We build our sheltering nest on high, Where summer boughs are waving;
When night is nigh, :|| Repeat.

Fond love and peace within our nest,
Have made their home so sweetly;
No fears molest :|| } Repeat.

As sweetly glides our life away, We chant our Maker's praises, In grateful lay:

Through all the day.





Call me not indolent beggar and bold enough,

Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;

I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,

They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.

Pity kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,

Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;

Give me some food for my mother, in charity,

Give me some food, and then I will be gone.





Come and see the busy dwelling,
Airy chambers neat and fine!
How the waxen arches shine!
What sweet stores the white walls line,
There not one his time is wasting,
Young and old to labor hasting,
Ever cheerful, ever singing.

3

List thou to the lovely music,
List the bees the while they sing,
Evermore with busy wing,
"We must labor while 'tis spring;"
That's the song the bees are singing:
Up! like them to labor springing,
Ever cheerful, ever singing.









The blast too rudely blowing,
Lovely rose,
Thy tender form o'erthrowing.
Lovely rose,
Alas! hath laid thee low.
Now amid thy native bed,
Envious weeds, with branches spread,
Unkindly grow.

3
No freshening dew of morning,
Lovely rose,
Thy infant buds adorning,
Lovely rose,
To thee shall day restore.
Zephyrs soft, that late caress'd thee,
Evening smiles, that parting bless'd thee,
Return no more.



THE BUGLE HORN





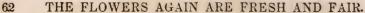
The sky is clear,
The flowers appear
On every side so gay,
The brook flows by,
So merrily

So merrily
Along its pebbly way.
The bugle horn, &c.

3

The echoes flow
As on we go
Through forest, vale and lawn!
And far and near,
Again we hear
The winding bugle horn.

The bugle horn, &c.









THE FLOWERS AGAIN ARE FRESH AND FAIR. 6



2

The bowers are shaded well with green,
And reddest roses peep between;
And music borne upon the gale,
Is swelling over hill and dale.

3

Before the breeze of spring doth float, So merrily my little boat; The birds are wheeling on the air, And flowers again are fresh and fair











Andante is the poor-man's tempo; The rich in Allegro you'll find, With them it's Forte, Maestoso: But we unheard, are oft behind; Yet many a one plays very vainly, And many a harp is poorly strung; And many you'll find expected only To blow the bellows all life long.

AWAKE! AWAKE, 'TIS DAWN.









The birds, the birds now sing,
And meadows, meadows ring;
With joyous sound
Of praise around,
Sister awake! with joy arise,
Shake drowsy sleep from off your eyes.

Awake! awake, 'tis dawn,
The night, the night has gone,
And now comes day
With golden ray;
Rise, and come forth, on nature gaze,
Nor idly waste your precious days.











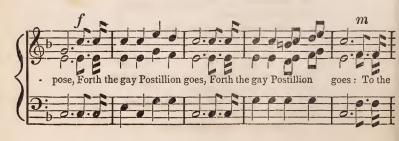
We oft have run about the fields,
And culled the flowers fine;
We'll ne'er forget these hours, when they
Are auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

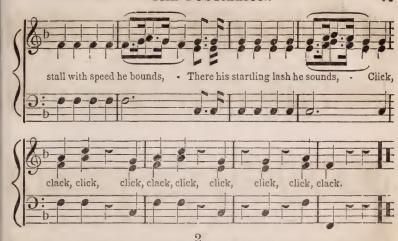
We oft have cheered each other's task, From morn till day's decline, But memory's night shall never rest Onauldlang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

Then take the hand that now is warm, Within a hand of thine;
No distant day shall lose the grasp
Of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.









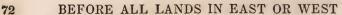
See his steeds now proudly prancing, Through the city gates advancing, While the rising sun's all-gilding rays,

Over mount and valley blaze: II: Up and down the hills they fly, Now the plains before them lie. Click, clack, click, &c.

3

Then when night comes faintly darkling, And the peaceful stars are sparkling, Lo the goal is near—the glad steeds bound,

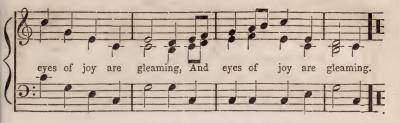
Soon the rattling streets resound; :::: Now the post-horn pours its blast, While the sounding lash falls fast. Click, clack, click, &c.









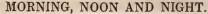


Before all tongues in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best;
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art:
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
The word is never broken.

S

Before all people east or west,
I love my countrymen the best,
A race of noble spirit:—
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.

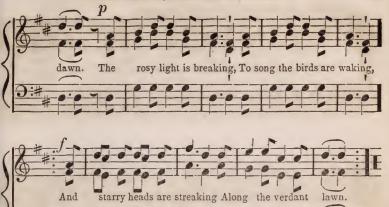
To all the world I give my hand,
My heart I give my native land.
I seek her good, her glory;
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
But I love the land that bore me.











'Tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis noon, Blue rise the hills before me, Blue smiles the azure o'er me, And radiant blossoms pour me,

The balmy breath of June.

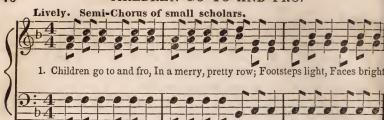
'Tis noon, &c.

3

'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, The world now hushed and still, Dim towers the shadowy hill, Earth's guardian spirits fill

Their ways with softer light.

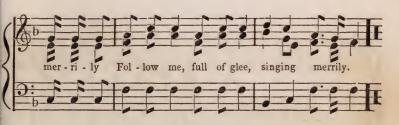
'Tis night, &c.











Birds are free, So are we, And we live as happily; Work we do.

Study too, Learning daily something new; And no naughty, naughty ways; Then we laugh, and dance, and sing, Gay as birds, or any thing.

Follow me, &c.

Work is done. Play's begun, Now we have our laugh and fun; Happy days, Pretty plays,

Holding fast each other's hand, We're a cheerful, happy band. Follow me, &c.











She clothes the groves in glittering green,
She smiles on hill and plain;
And mantling all her paths is seen,
A rosy, blooming, train.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

Her gentle breath inspires the air,
And breathes soft music round,
It gives the flowers a fragrance fair,
The groves a silvery sound.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

4

She strews her flowers along the heath,
And up the mountain side,
A glittering carpet spreads beneath,
And fairy footsteps glide.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

Beneath her soft enchanting hand, Old wrinkled care retires; She mildly moves her magic wand, And harmless joy inspires. Then sound the merry tabor, &c.







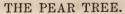




Lo! impatient for the call, Now they graze where streamlets flow, Forth the herds are bounding, Climb the sunny mountain, While the herdsman pipes below Joyfully they quit the stall, While the flute is sounding. Near the shady fountain. Tui, &c.

Tui, &c.

When the silvery evening star, Sees them homeward stealing, Listening peasants from afar, Hear that flute still pealing. Tui, &c.











What is there on the branch?

Solo 2.

A very pretty bough:
cono.

Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,

Out in a beautiful field, &c.

What is there on the bough?

What is there on the bough?

A very pretty nest:
cono.

Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

What is there in the nest?

Solo 2.

A very pretty egg:
coro.

Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

What is there in the egg?

Solo 2.

A very pretty bird:

Cono.

Bird in the egg,

Egg in the nest,

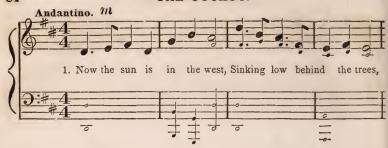
Nest on the bough,

Bough on the branch,

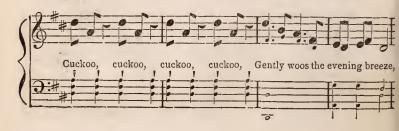
Branch on the tree,

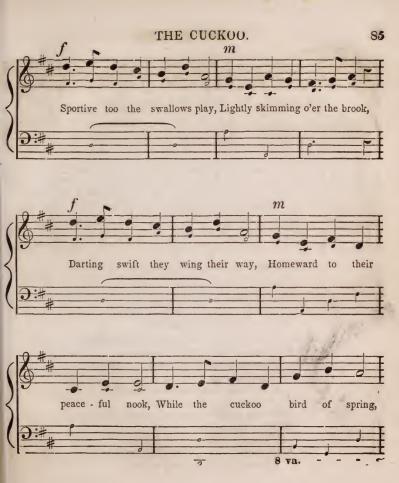
Tree in the ground,

Out in a beautiful field, &c.



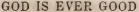


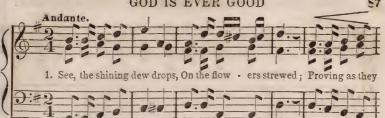






Cheerful see yon shepherd boy,
Climbing up the cragged rocks,
As he views the dappled sky,
Pleased the cuckoo's note he mocks;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
Pleased the cuckoo's note he mocks
Now advancing o'er the plain,
Evening's dusky shades appear;
And the cuckoo's voice again,
Softly steals upon the ear;
While retiring from the view,
Thus she bids the day adieu.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
Thus she bids the day adieu.







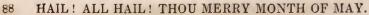
See the morning sun beams Lighting up the wood, Silently proclaiming God is ever good.

Hear the mountain streamlet In the solitude, With its ripple saying God is ever good.

In the leafy tree tops Where no fears intrude. Merry birds are singing God is ever good.

5

Bring my heart thy tribute. Songs of gratitude; While all nature utters, God is ever good.









HAIL! ALL HAIL! THOU MERRY MONTH OF MAY 89





2

Hark! hark! To hail the month of May, How the songsters warble on the spray! And we will be as blithe as they, Then away, to hail, &c.











Companions to meet us
Are now on their way,
With garlands to greet us,
And songs of the May;
Sing, shepherds, &c.

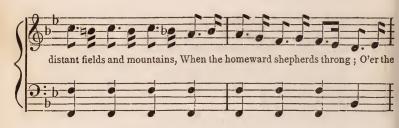
3

The cattle are lowing,
Come! up from your hay,
And quickly be going,
The morning is May;
Sing, shepherds, &c.

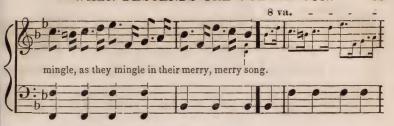
4

The sweet birds are winging
From arbor to spray,
And cheerily singing
Of spring-time and May;
Sing, shepherds &c.

















There amid the happy train, Hear the loud and joyful strain,

Leading cheerily and happily the homeward troop along;

Hark, I hear them calling now, From the high and rocky brow,

'Tis the signal, 'tis the signal of the merry mountain song,

See they gather on their way,

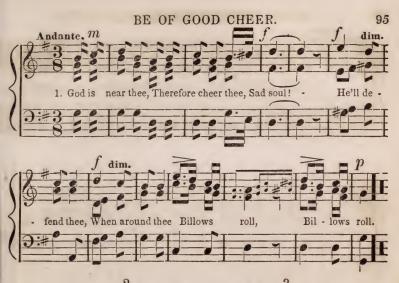
La ra la, La ra la,

Hear them pipe their welcome lay,

La ra la, La ra la,

We will join the tuneful cry,

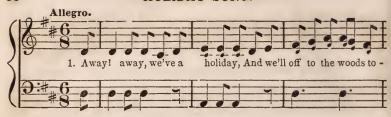
One and all we give reply, Ho ye, ho, Ho ye, ho, Ho ye, ho.



Calm thy sadness, Look in gladness On high! Faint and weary, Pilgrim, cheer thee! Help is nigh!

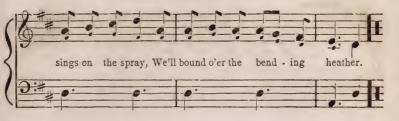
Mark the sea-bird
Wildly wheeling
Through the skies,
God defends him,
God attends him,
When he cries!

God is near thee,
Therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee,
When around thee,
Billows roll.









Oh! tell us not of the town so gay,

Give us forests with trees and flowers,

Then off to the woods we'll away, we'll away,

So merry our holiday hours.

Repeat

3

We'll watch the birds in the woody vale,
As from bough to bough they are springing,
Our voices shall echo from hill and from dale,
And frighten the squirrels with singing.

Repeat.

4

Away! away we've a holiday,
And we'll off to the woods together,
And free as the robin that sings on the spray,
We'll bound o'er the bending heather.

Repeat.





Awake! awake!
The sun is up above the cloudy mountains,
The crimson hue from the sky is gone,
Like pearls the light plays in the fountain;
We'll climb the hill side where waves the corn,
And list to the sound of the morning horn—

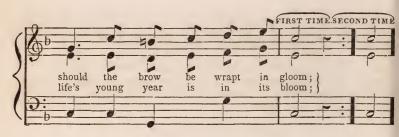
Awake! awake!
The morning horn—
Awake! awake! awake!

3

Awake! awake!
The morning light—the morning light gives pleasure;
It makes us happy—it gives us health,
The morning so fresh is a treasure—
The horn is winding, awake and hear,
It echoes, it echoes,

The sound is near— Awake! awake! awake!











The streamlet purls and plays as lightly, As when it danced to Eden's breeze; The lovely moon still beams as brightly, As when she shone through Adam's trees. The smile of joy each moment meets us, While through this pilgrimage we roam, At every turn her presence greets us, To cheer us on our journey home.

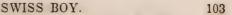














OH, HOW BRIGHTLY. Music-Swiss Boy.

Oh! how brightly, how brightly the sun moves along,
From the east to the west, through the sky;
Oh! how lovely, how lovely the moon looks among
All the stars as they sparkle on high!
These desirable lights have were given

These glorious lights to us were given,
To raise our thoughts from earth to heav'n:

Oh! how brightly, how brightly they all move along,
Shedding light o'er the world from on high.

2

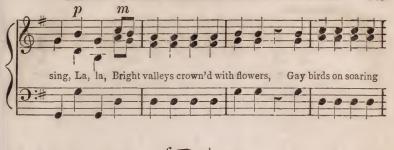
Oh! how swiftly, how swiftly the bird flies away
To his home in the tall forest tree;
Oh: how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
And is happy as happy can be!

'Tis thus he tells of favors given,
And while he sings, he soars to heav'n:—
Oh! how sweetly, how sweetly he sings all the day,
In his nest on the tall forest tree.

And the roses, the roses, and lilies so fair,
Which we pluck from the green fields in May,
Fill with fragrance, with fragrance, the fresh morning air,
And to us as they bloom, seem to say,
By whom their sweet perfume was given,

And thus they send it back to heav'n:—
Oh! the roses, the roses, and lilies so fair,
Fill the air, fill the air, all the day.







In sweet harmonious measures,
Our joyful songs we'll bring,
And happy in our pleasures,
We'll merrily, merrily sing,
La, la.

While valleys crowned with flowers,
And birds on soaring wing,
Incite our tuneful powers,
We'll cheerily, cheerily sing
La, la.









Youthful hearts that now so brightly glowing,
Borne away by airy hope on high;
Quickly will a breeze more harshly blowing,
Bid each lovely, golden vision fly.

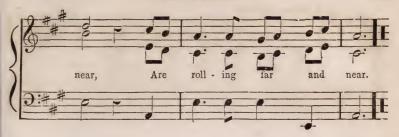
3

Thoughtless man! gay dreams around thee hover,
Pomp and pride their richest charms display;
But how soon their empty reign is over,
Like yon globe they quickly pass away.









The purple blush of dewy morning,
No more its brightness shows;
The fairest tint the rose adorning,
No more in beauty glows.

3

Some clime celestial must have lent thee, Thy robe of many dyes; Bright rainbow! tell us who has sent thee, To charm our wondering eyes.

4

Ah! none but He could paint thy beauty,
His skill and power alone;
Thou art a beam of light on duty,
From the ETERNAL SUN.







Behold! a happy band appears,
Away, away to school.

The shout of joy now fills our ears,
Away, away to school.

Our voices ring, our hands we wave,
Our hearts rebound with vigor brave,
Away to school, away to school,
Away, away to school.

3

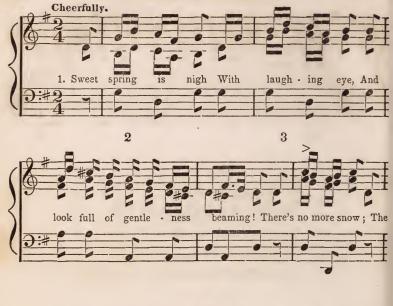
No more we walk, no more we play,
Away, away to school.

In study now we spend the day,
Away, away to school.

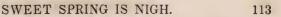
United in a peaceful band

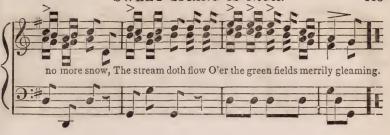
We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,
Away to school, away to school,
Away, away to school.

SWEET SPRING IS NIGH.









Then raise a song,

She comes along,

New life and new happiness bringing;

The garlands twine,

In warm sunshine,

And the birds now sweetly are singing.

3

Then come and sing,
And dance and spring,
In many a frolicsome measure;
Through all the day
We'll join and play,
And rejoice in innocent pleasure.

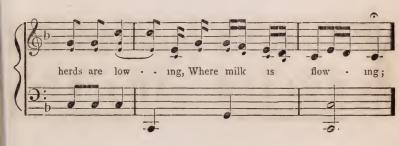
THE MOUNTAIN BOY.











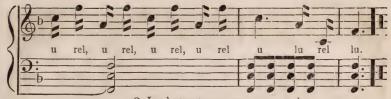


THE MOUNTAIN BOY



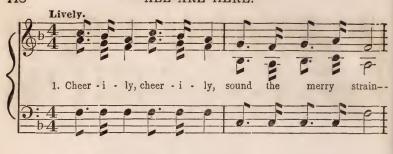






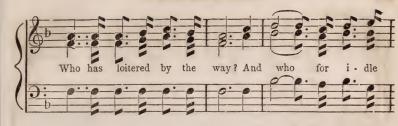
2 In that cottage near,
 Is my mother dear,
 Oh! my mother ever dear:
 And home looks so sweetly,
 So smiling, so neatly,
 I love it completely,
 Return to it fleetly;
 If but little I can do,
 Still the work I try to cheer
 Of my mother ever dear,
 While around, &c.

3 At the sun's swift decline,
When the hill tops shine,
Oh! my mother then I join;
When evening relieves me,
She kindly receives me,
And oh! when she gives me,
Her blessing and leaves me,
What sweet slumbers then are mine—
What sweet slumbers then are mine—
What sweet slumbers then are mine;
Till the morn, when the cries
Of the shepherds arise,
And the joy of the hills
All the welkin fills:
El u rel, &c.











Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain, Happily, happily, now we meet again,

All are here; : ||:

All who love the morning's prime, All who feel the worth of time, Lo we'll sound the merry chime,

All are here! all are here!





And such the story of pride and power,
They bloom at morning like that fair flower;
At evening seek them—their forms are fled,
Their days are numbered, their race is sped.

3

And thou, vain beauty, come draw thee near, And learn a lesson of wisdom here! Seek fairer flowers that bloom on high, Whose light and fragrance shall never die.











Thousand warblers now are springing
Up to meet the welcome morn;
Sky and grove with joy are ringing,
Hark, the wild, entrancing horn!

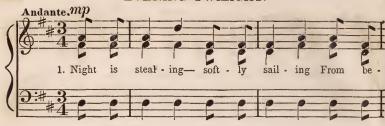
9

Every mountain altar blazes;
Incense sweet to heaven ascends;
Meadows waft their silent praises,
Every flower adoring bends.

4

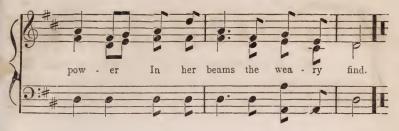
Man! awake from heavy slumbers, Morning breaks serenely bright; Songs of praise in tuneful numbers, Raise to HIM who rules the night.

EVENING TWILIGHT.









From the mountains, forests, fountains,
Softly fades the light of day.
Only round you fir-clad summit,
Heavenward soaring,
Lingers yet one golden ray.

3

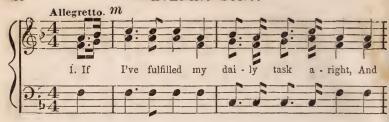
Evening breezes, incense breathing,

Murmur through the linden grove;

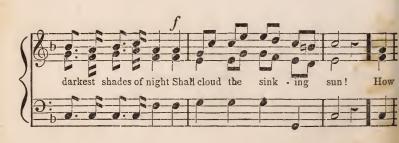
Nearer now the curtain closes,

Man reposes

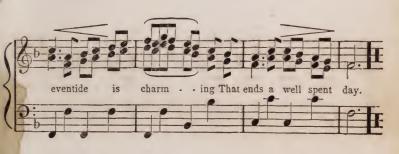
In the arms of heavenly love.





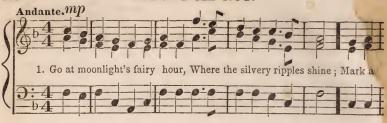






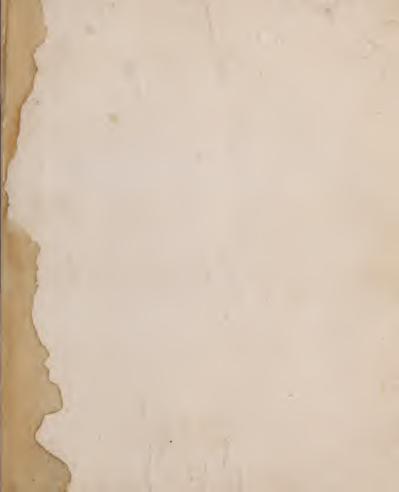
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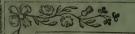
But woe to him, whose eye, that hour is dim
With sin-remembering tears!
No anguish ever can restore to him,
The joys of wasted years!
Oh, precious is the power,
And time that God hath given!
May I each passing hour,
Lay up some store for heaven!













MASON'S MUSICAL MANUAL.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION IN THE ELEMENTS OF VOC L MUSIC, according to the Pestilozzian System. By LOWELL MA. 61., Published by the "Boston Academy of Music."

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"The extent to which the analysis is carried, and the clear and to the manner pursued in developing the principles of the science, render the work perfectly intelligible to a child, while the learner who be gone through the book attentively will find himself possessed of the knowledge requisite for the correct performance of vocal massic." I are editions have already been sold.

adj both both

THE ODEON:

A Collection of Secular Melodics,

ARRANGED AND HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES, DESIGN-ED FOR ADULT SINGING SCHOOLS, AND FOR JUILL MUSIC PARTIES. By G. J. WEBB and LOWELL JASON, Professors in the Boston Academy of Music.

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